

The Make-Up Artist

By Ericson Willians.

A famous make-up artist was found dead in her studio in this morning. Several mannequin parts were found covered in blood and were collected as evidence, together with antidepressants, a Kraftwerk vinyl, cocaine and a small diary (With the Coat of Arms of Ukraine in its cover). The diary reads:

Control **is** a tool that one should always know how and when to turn it on or off. Control **is not** a tool that one should always leave switched on or off. Rules always were illusions for the ruled, thus Control must always be summoned upon convenient circumstances, but **not** upon all of them. I'm a make-up artist of Ukrainian descent, but above all, a hostess for the Unknown. I kill people for my own pleasure, but not always, since my life is not all about reducing the one of others.

I'm not confined under any place of state or federal control (Or prison), although I should, when considered methods of controlling random injustice (Or laws). Nevertheless, I'm confined within myself, within an uncontrolled world within a world ruled by Control. "How could a boundless and limitless world be exactly the opposite?" asks the unseen ghost. But the ghost is my very self, and I know the answer.

The answer is the power in the eyes of the powerless, ruled by default, by forces finite. I keep wondering whether you're curious about my *modus operandi*, or not, just like I keep wondering whether you would kill me upon atrocities shown, in order to serve Control. This latter wondering of mine, my friends, is the very right-wing dilemma: Violence for the violent, thus violent for the violence.

The former, has to do with dismemberment, mannequins and Art. I know this ruled employee, whose vice relies on endless vistas of coke, and I'm his pleasure-provider (His doom). So you ask: Ruled by whom? And I answer: By that mannequin company of course! (And by those endless vistas of coke)

Now that you know my secret superficially, I keep wondering whether you're curious about my specific *modus operandi*, or not, just like I keep wondering whether you would kill me upon atrocities shown, in order to keep Control alive. The former is a rather sharp one (An axe), since knives are for those without Control.

Irony is a tool that should always be left switched on, for Irony's sake, since laughter is the only medicine against Madness, and that's the very reason why my mouth never fails to laugh hardly while I keep cutting piece by piece, imagining how the victim would cut me piece by piece for revenge, and above all, for Control.

"But it's an axe, not a knife!" States the unseen ghost, and that's why laughter is present even upon rather gruesome occasions like those ones (Or these). After all, "how would you know I'm not doing it right now, in order to stop reading in order to think?" asks the unseen ghost, and I answer: Because it's about Control.

Thus I keep wondering and wandering through endless vistas composed of few seconds, "how would you know if I wrote this many weeks or months ago, or more importantly, where?" and then I realize the inevitable presence of fear when considered the presence of Control. After all, the powerless are always the ruled, and the ruled are never safe, nowhere.

"But why?" asks the unseen ghost, and I answer again: Because of Control. Control haunts the feared and the feared are ruled everywhere by finite forces. The True Limitless One, fears none. "Would someone be able to be cut by an axe and still feel inhuman? Would I?" I've never had the chance to experience it. There are those who believe in "Karma" (Me included), then I'll have the chance sometime.

I reassemble parts in a resulting final piece, composed of both mannequin and rather fleshy ones. I'm very good at it (I must say), and it feels so creepy (The very essence of the "Uncanny

Valley” effect, as a matter of fact). They’re true *Schaufensterpuppen*. I wonder if anyone would notice the difference if they were planted and posed in a *Schaufenster*, with all **MY** make-up artistry.

I think my ego just became evident, but that’s ok, since “ego” is quite stereotypical in a context of serial-killers (I say it while staring at the eyes of my favorite piece, both starring THE VOID). The unspeakable, my friends, is not a privilege of everyone (The ruled). The very concept of the unknown and the unspeakable, no matter how lovecrafty it might sound, is very real when considered True Freedom (Just another subtle reference to the absence of control (Or to *Tenebre*). It’s up to you (If you understand it, of course)).

“What if I’m not the killer, but some sick jealous that knows about it?” (I wonder whether the reader would ask it, or not (But then I answer to myself: There’s no way to know.)) In that case, it would be irrelevant, since I could have personality disorder and be both The One AND the jealous freak (Freaks are freaks only in the minds of the ruled).

Anyway, where I was? Why I was writing about my hobby anyway? Am I trying to write a fucking romance here? “What if someone finds my text” (I wonder if the reader would wonder), in that case, it would be irrelevant (Apart from the fact that in such case I’d need to work on a new piece). “*Wir sind Schaufensterpuppen*”, the music goes on, while I decide to be ruled by Control and quit the writing process, and keep the other one (The process) very... “dead”.